

A

# Long Vacation PROLOGUE.

25. Sept. 1708.

Writ by Mr. B---k---r; and spoke by Mr. Escount, at  
the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

YOU've wonder'd, perhaps, and been in great Rage,  
Why, since the UNION of the Small STAGE,  
You no better here have been diverted;  
But pray Attention give to what's asserted:

We no more with UNION are agreed  
Than Northern Britains t'other side of Tweed:  
Strange Whispers, Jealousies, Domestick Fears,  
And diverse Interests, set us by the Ears;  
Fomented first by French-Italian AIRS.  
Deputed Patentees we've had of late,  
Which make such Parties in our Petty State  
That we poor Souls know little of our Fate.  
Like Pretending Prigs we're toft to and fro,  
And never any Settld Station know.  
To You, Great \*Heap [you know] we hurry'd was  
And thence brought back by Habeas-Corpus;  
And well it was no worse —  
For Articles wanting a Solution,  
R---b attack'd us all in Execution;  
Which a certain Brother so Affrighted,  
It has made him ever since Short-sighted.  
Others of our Wise Brethren, by Ditto  
Into Fevers were 'frighted, and Hippo;  
From which Time our House have been divided,  
And Three Masters, by Turns, our Backs bestrid:  
Our Women too have shar'd the same Fate;  
One while possess'd their Love, and then their Hate.  
In short — The Contention to that Height is come,  
We know not if we Three Masters have, or None:  
One pulls this Way, t'other that, and this the other;  
Like Bull-dogs we worry one another.  
Judge then — if these Factions, past enduring,  
Be not enough to make us all go Strolling?  
Some of our Actors at Epson made Essay,  
In hopes by Gamblers Pence to gain their Pay;  
But they came off, the quite Contrary Way.

}

\* The House in  
the Hay-market.

}

† Mr. P---l,  
Mr. E---b,  
Mr. N---i,  
Mr. C---h.

[singt.

Others

\* Mr. *Wicks*,  
 Mr. *Mills*,  
 Mr. *Fourth*,  
 Mr. *Doggett*,  
 Mr. *Park*,  
 Mrs. *Berry*,  
 Mrs. *Porter*,  
 Mrs. *Kent*,  
 Mrs. *Mills*,

\* Others in *Coach and Six*, and those the *Heads*,  
 On *Courtes Three to dine*, and lie in *Damask Beds*,  
 Are gone, by Friendly Invitation,  
 To give a † *Renown'd Patron Recreation*. [† *Esq; Norton*.

He will return their Kindness the same Way.  
 (*Give us the Fiddle, we our selves will play*).  
 To speak the *Truth*— The Gentleman's Design is good,  
 To treat his *Friends* with *Plays*, and *Them* with *Food*.  
 (Besides; the Gen'rous Example he has set,  
 We hope, will encourage *more* to follow it.)

But this without any *Consideration*  
 Of those are left behind this *Vacation*.  
 By *starving* us, indeed he's most unkind,  
 To leave us ne'er a *Manager* behind :  
 Tho', to shew how *little* they are worth,  
 By dunging of the Ground, in One Night's Growth,  
 Like Mushrooms, \* *Eight* have started forth.

\* Mr. *Rich* ap-  
 pointed 8 *Ala-*  
*nagers*, viz.

Mr. *Powel*,  
 Mr. *Kent*,  
 Mr. *Jess*,  
 Mr. *Bullock*,  
 Mr. *Norris*,  
 Mr. *Litch*,  
 Mr. *Bickenstaff*,  
 Mrs. *Powel*,

Nor wou'd I have you think't a *Rarity*,  
 We've President from the *Admiral*—*17*.  
 If One's not judg'd fit to supply the Place,  
*Eight* are *Commission'd* by *Special Grace*.  
 This i'th' late Glorious Reign was *Prattise*,  
 And this enough to *justify* our *Act* is.  
 But hold—— To return where I left off;  
 The Gentleman afore said is of *Worth* :  
 If he, in *Pity* of our *Torn Condition*,  
 Wou'd enter the *Lists*, and take *Commission*,  
 Buy out these fordid *Patent-Masters*,  
 And make a *Free Gift* of it to the *Actors*;  
 Not to any One, or Two, make *Present*,  
 But to the Whole for Ever in *Descent*,  
 Then might we live to see most *Fairning Days*,  
 And Ign'rance no more damn fam'd *Shakespear's Plays*;  
 † *Hamlet* no more shou'd *Preach*, *Roar*, *Cant*, nor *Leer*,  
 Nor *Plume* be dress'd like *Training Grenadier*;  
 Never more may we see such *Heath'nish Work*,  
 As Soft \* *Massinissa* turn'd Great *Turk*.

† Mr. *Therod*,

\* *Massinissa* was  
 play'd in a *Turkish*  
*Vest* and *Turbant*.

No more may *George* to *Esom* repair, nor *Lough*,  
 Nor *Buck* to *Starbridge*, with *Little Dickie*;  
 Nor *Parkman*, with *Tap-lash* Blew *Flagg*,  
 Cry, *You're welcome Sir!* instead of a *Tagg*:  
 In *Musick-booth Vile* shew their *humourlome Parts*,  
 And receive their *Applause* by *Granting* and *Farts*,  
 From *Clods* that, sitting *Funking* and *Drinking*,  
 Judge of *Writing* and *Acting* without ever *Thinking*;  
 Where if by great *Chance* their *Lumpness* they touch,  
 Four *Half-pence* they throw 'em out of their *Pouch*.  
 From such *Poor Shifts* as these, and many more;  
 From *Cringing*, and *Lying*, to *Dine* with a *VVhore*;  
 From flatter'ing a *Fop* for a *Bottle of Wine*,  
 And prailing his *Face*, tho' not fit for a *Sign*;  
 O Great *Norton* deliver us we pray,  
 And Rectifie these *Ills* by *CONSTANT PAY*.

FINIS.